

No Shooting Star by NemiMontoya

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Summary:

Will has a recurring dream about Mike.

No Shooting Star

Author's Note:

Short and fluffy (really fluffy). Hope you enjoy!

About a month before that week - that horrible week when he was snatched away to fight for survival all alone in the cold, darkness of the Upside Down - Will dreamt about Mike for the first time. And about two weeks after that first time, he had the same dream again. The memory of that dream was something he clung to for comfort while he lay shivering in what was and also wasn't Castle Byers.

In the dream...

...he and Mike were alone, outside, standing on a wide, grassy field at night. Mike turned to him with a smile on his face.

"Are you cold?" he asked.

Will shook his head.

"No."

Still smiling, Mike tilted his head back.

"You can see the stars so clearly tonight. Look!" Mike gasped.

Will looked up to see a shooting star.

"Make a wish," Mike said.

Will did. Closing his eyes he wished that even if Mike would never love Will the way Will loved him, they would always, always be friends.

He opened his eyes and saw Mike looking at him, a soft expression in his eyes.

"Want to know what I wished for?" he asked.

"You can't tell me," Will said. "It won't come true."

"That all depends on what you believe," Mike said, looking up at the stars again. "I believe that saying your wish out loud makes it stronger."

He turned to face Will.

"I wished... I could kiss you."

Will stared at him, heart pounding in his chest.

Mike took a step closer.

"Can I? Kiss you?" he asked. He sounded nervous.

Swallowing, Will nodded. With a relieved sigh, Mike cupped Will's cheek and tilted his head, moving in, slowly. Will's eyes were fixed on his lips, coming closer, and then they met his own.

And that was when Will woke up. Every time.

After being rescued, he had the dream again, on his first night back home in his own bed after being released from the hospital. And then again and again, the dream kept coming to him, sometimes every other week, sometimes less, but never stopping. And he welcomed it. And he thought about it every night as he fell asleep, hoping he would have it again that night. Perhaps it wasn't healthy to cling to a dream like that, but his life was painful enough, so he decided he would let himself have this one thing, just this one thing he could look forward to. And even if he wanted to, it wasn't as if he could make the dream stop. So he gladly let it be a part of his life, like a secret treasure. And on mornings when he'd had the dream, he always felt better. Lighter.

More horrors came. He was trapped again, this time in his own body. And he was saved again, but with more pain to live with. But the dream kept coming to him, more frequently now as if it sensed that he needed that little glimmer of happiness.

He went to the Snow Ball, and there he saw Mike look at El the way Mike always looked at him in the dream. He felt no ill will towards her - how could he, she'd saved them all - but it still hurt to see them together.

At least he had his dream. That was all there ever would come of his feelings for Mike. And the sight of Mike looking at El like that... well, he would just have to try and get used to it. Things weren't going to change.

But then they did. Months passed, and slowly, something about how Mike and El acted around each other started to feel different. Will couldn't put his finger on it, he just knew it was... different. And then one day, when he and Mike were hanging out just the two of them in the Wheeler's basement, Mike confided in Will that El wasn't his girlfriend anymore.

"We decided we're just going to be friends."

"Are you... upset?" Will asked hesitantly.

Mike waited for a few seconds, then shook his head.

"No, not really. It's weird but... ever since I met her, it's like we've had this bond between us. And now... the bond hasn't grown weaker, it's just... changed. I love her just as much, but in a different way than before. You know?" Mike turned his head to look at Will.

"Yeah," Will nodded. "I think I understand."

Some weeks after that, Mike started developing an interest in astronomy. He checked out heavy books from the library, which he and Will spent hours poring over during sleepover nights. Stretched out next to each other in comfortable silence, Will would sometimes turn his head to see Mike smiling at him, making his heart flutter.

Will's dream came less frequently, then stopped coming altogether. He'd been afraid of how he would cope if this would happen, but he managed surprisingly well without it. He missed it a little, but not as much as he'd thought he would.

One night, Mike was staying over at his house. Mike had a new astronomy book which they'd spent some time going over, and then Will sat drawing at his desk while Mike read comic books. Occasionally they would hear loud snores coming from Jonathan's room, and they would look at each other and laugh quietly.

Closing his comic book, Mike stood up to stretch, yawning.

"I could use some air. Want to go outside?"

"Yeah, sure."

Will put away his drawings and followed Mike, grabbing their jackets and going outside. The air was crisp and fresh, smelling faintly of earth. Mike took deep breaths.

"It's so still. Not even the slightest breeze... it's nice."

He turned to Will.

"Are you cold?"

"No," Will shook his head.

Smiling, Mike tilted head back.

"You can see the stars so clearly tonight."

Will stared at him, heart suddenly beating a lot faster. This was almost like...

"Someday, I hope to see a shooting star," Mike said. "I've never seen one before."

He looked at Will, still smiling.

"Let's make a wish, anyway, even if there's no shooting star."

Trembling, Will nodded. He looked up at the sky. There was no shooting star. They were in his yard, not in a field. But... this was still... he closed his eyes.

"Please," he thought, letting that one word carry his wish.

He slowly opened his eyes, and there was Mike, smiling and looking at him with that expression. That beautiful, soft expression.

"Want to know what I wished for?"

"Oh my god..." Will thought, then cleared his throat.

"You can't tell me," he replied. "It won't come true."

"That all depends on what you believe," Mike said and looked back up at the stars, just like in the dream. "I believe that saying your wish out loud makes it stronger."

He turned to face Will.

"I wished... I could kiss you."

Will felt so happy, it felt as if his heart might sprout wings and fly away.

"Can I? Kiss you?" Mike asked nervously, taking a step closer. And when Will nodded 'yes', Mike let out the same relieved sigh Will had heard dozens of times in his dream, cupped Will's cheek and moved in to kiss him. Will almost expected to wake up in his bed like always at this point, but he didn't.

This was real.

This was really Mike, and he was really kissing him.

Will closed his eyes, and kissed him back. Mike's lips were a little cold, but as they moved against Will's they grew warmer. Will let himself do what he'd always wished he could do, which was to run his fingers through Mike's hair, and as he did so he could feel Mike smiling.

"What did you wish for?" Mike asked him as they pulled apart.

"I wished..." Will hesitated, thinking of maybe telling Mike about his dream, but didn't. Maybe someday, but not now. But he did tell Mike of the wish he always made in the dream.

"I wished... that even if you would never... love me back, we would always be friends."

Mike was silent, then pulled Will into a hug.

"But I do love you," he mumbled against Will's neck. "I've *always* loved you. But now I love you differently."

"In what way?" Will asked, pulling away to look into his eyes.

"*This* way," Mike smiled, and kissed him again.